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### ON ELEGIAC POETRY.

From MISCELLANEOUS WORKS, by J. BLAIR LINN.

(Continued from Page 97.)

MASON and Gray, whom congeniality of disposition had connected in the strongest and dearest ties, seem to partake equally of the poetic spirit. So delightful is the contemplation of friendship in theory, that human nature is greatly prepossessed in favour of that person who is the happy possessor of it. The friendship which subsisted between Epaminondas and Pelopidas, those godlike Thebans, has no doubt increased, in our opinion, their other virtues; and the friendship of Gray and Mason, has, in the amiable and tender bosom, enhanced their poetic talents. While we endeavour to strew a laurel over the tomb of the harmonious Gray, the memory of his celebrated friend will always occur. Mason's elegies on the death of Lady Coventry, and on the departure of a young nobleman, are his most elegant performances of this kind. I shall extract a few verses from each of these.

Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,  
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,  
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild  
The liquid lustre dard from her eyes!

Each look, each motion wak'd a new born grace,  
That o'er her form its transient glory cast:  
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,  
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again! it tells us what she is  
Or what she was; no more the strain prolong,  
Luxuriant fancy pause! an hour like this  
Demands the tribute of a serious song.

Maria claims it from that sable bier,  
Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her head,  
In still small whispers to reflection's ear  
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud!  
Proclaim the theme by sage and fool rever'd,  
Hear it ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud,  
'Tis nature speaks, and nature will be heard—

LADY COVENTRY.

Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast  
Condemn me if I check the plaintive string:  
Go to the wayward world, complete the rest,  
Be what the purest muse would wish to sing.

Be still thyself: that open path of truth  
Which led thee here, let manhood firm pursue;  
Retain the sweet simplicity of youth,  
And all thy virtue dictates—dare to do.  
Still scorn with conscious pride the mask of art,  
On vice's front let fearful caution low'r,  
And teach the diffident discreeter part  
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for pow'r.  
So round thy brow, when age's honours spread,  
When death's cold hand, unstrings thy Mason's lyre,  
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,  
Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire.  
He on the amplest bounds of time's domain,  
On rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly,  
For trust with reverence, trust this Sabine strain,  
The muse forbids the virtuous man to die.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

THERE have been some critics who have endeavoured to deprive Mason and Gray of some of their poetic laurels; but without success. The understandings and the breasts of the true lovers of poetry, have ever bestowed the highest approbation on their feeling muse: the morose critic and envious rival may snarl and bark, but a certain criterion inherent in the poetic bosom will always pay the tribute of applause. Gray has found many defenders to vindicate the injured cause of his muse. When the plaintive bard paid his last debt of nature, he left behind his beloved Mason to pour in solitude his strain, and to be the champion of his friend. Mr. Temple in his life of this poet, pronounces him to be the most learned man in England; and that without having made the least application, and without the expectation of such an event, he was appointed professor of history in Oxford College. Nor did Temple write with the enthusiasm of friendship, for among the numerous virtues of Gray, he relates his blemishes and faults.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### A MAXIM.

TO secure to the old that influence which they are willing to claim, and which might so much contribute to the improvement of the arts of life, it is absolutely necessary that they give themselves up to the duties of declining years; and contentedly resign to youth its levity, its pleasures, its frolics, and its fopperies.—It is a lifeless endeavour to unite the contrarieties of spring and winter, and unjust to claim the privileges of age, and to retain the playthings of childhood.



## HISTORY OF

## DONNA ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

IT would be very difficult to express the disorder Don Pedro was in at this discourse: his prudence would not permit him to say any thing which might shock a man, from whose revenge he had every thing to fear; nor would his honour yield, that he should even seem to retract the many solemn promises he had made to Don Sebastian de Suza. In this extremity, he was obliged to retire into himself for some moments, before he could reply; but seeing that Don Balthazar testified somewhat of impatience in his looks, "how happy are we," my lord, said he, "that the generous Lama did not sooner or make a declaration of his sentiments! he could not have doubted, but that I would have preferred him to all the grandees, either of Portugal or Spain; but, my lord, it is now out of my power: my Niece is engaged to Don Sebastian de Suza — my word is given, and you know among those of our rank, it ought to be inviolable — Think, therefore, I beseech you, that Elvira and Sebastian are destined, by Heaven, for each other.

"From their very infancy they were taught to cherish this hope, and to love; their mutual affection is more than is ordinary to be found — He lives but in the proofs he receives of her tenderness, and she would rather choose to die, than refrain conferring them. I dare believe, my Lord, that you have sentiments too delicate to contribute any thing to the separation of two hearts so firmly united. However," continued he, perceiving a kindling rage began to redden in his eyes, "in spite of this reciprocal passion, had your lordship entertained thoughts of honouring me with your alliance some years ago, as I then had not given my word to Don Sebastian, and was entirely master of the fate of Elvira, I could have compelled her, by my authority, to have given you her hand: but things are now too far advanced, and I am persuaded you have too much honour yourself to desire I should blamish mine, by failing in what I have promised."

"It is not my intention," replied Don Balthazar, with a malicious smile; "but, Don Pedro, there are means to screen ourselves from all reproaches, and when we are constrained by supreme Orders, all promises are swallowed up in obedience. I believe you understand me, and that there is no necessity I should say more to oblige you not to dispose of Elvira but to whom the King shall give consent." With these words without waiting for what the other should have said, he rejoined the company; and as this party of pleasure had been formed by Lama, he broke it up as soon as possible, and took leave of Don Pedro, with a politeness mingled with fierceness, which made him judge how serious he was in this affair.

At Don Pedro's return home, he found Elvira and Suza, who giving themselves up wholly to the joy of being in a short time, united for ever, had passed all that day in mutual protestations of eternal love and constancy. Don Pedro could not look upon them with-

out being struck with the most piercing sorrow; it appeared so visibly on his countenance that the two lovers were equally alarmed at it, and joined to intreat him to reveal the cause. As he knew they must be informed of it sooner or later, he repeated all the conversation he had with Don Balthazar de Lama. The frequent visits of that nobleman had already given some suspicion to Don Sebastian, which the tender assurances of Elvira had in some measure calmed; but this unforeseen blow renewed all his jealousies with greater rage than ever, and, at the same time threw him into the deepest despair. He foresaw, in that instant, all the misfortunes which afterwards befel him; and, not doubting but his rival would be able to accomplish any thing by his interest and favour with the King, he could think of no other remedy for this misfortune, than to put an end to the days of this formidable enemy to his happiness. Hate, love, and jealousy combining with the ardour of youth, supported by the consciousness of a high birth, and equal courage he was departing that moment with the resolution of demanding of Lama a bloody reparation of the outrage he was attempting to offer him.

In vain Don Pedro made use of all his efforts to abate a fury so justly raised, and but for the tender Elvira, that day had put an end to the life of one of these fierce and incensed rivals. But that beautiful lady perceiving her uncle was incapable of persuading, placed herself between the door of the chamber and Don Sebastian, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, spoke to him in these terms, and with a resolution which astonished him.

"Since said she," the just reasons Don Pedro has alledged cannot prevail on you, listen to what I now assure you, and from which not all the powers on earth shall oblige me to recede; if you are presumptuous enough to attack Don Balthazar de Lama and hazard, at the same time, your own life, my glory, and my eternal peace, by a combat, which prudence, policy, and the present conjuncture of affairs equally forbid, I swear, by all that I hold sacred above, or dear below, never to be yours."

"What, Madam!" cried Suza, "is the life of my rival already become so precious to you, that you condemn me to certain death, if I but attempt to give it him?"

"I hate, Lama," replied she, "I hate him with a mortal hatred, yet not the thousandth part so much as I love you: his death would be no consolation to me for the loss of you, and whether vanquished by him, or vanquished over him, your destruction is inevitable. There are means less dangerous; and to preserve us for each other, it is my part to employ them, and yours to obey me in this only occasion, in which it is in your power to prove how much you are devoted to me." "And what is it I must do?" demanded he, with the most sorrowful air: "and what is it you condemn me to?"

"To love me," replied Elvira, looking on him with the extremest Tenderness, "to wait the cares of Don Pedro, and, above all, to depend on my fidelity. All that I forbid you, is, not to undertake any thing against your rival by force of arms: we are not on



"such terms as permit me to disguise my sentiments; I was always commanded to love you, and only you, and I found the injunctions of my duty were my chief felicity—No, my dear Sebastian, continued she, giving him her hand I will never be but yours—Let this promise calm the transports of your rage, dissipate all your fears, and render you capable of joining us in all probable measures, to overturn the designs of this cruel invader of our mutual happiness."

There needed no more to oblige the amorous Suza to promise all they exacted from him, he threw himself at the feet of Elvira, and all his fury receding to his love, he intreated a thousand times to be pardoned for his suspicions and she as often repeated, that she would never yield her hand or heart to any but himself. But it was not without the most violent constraint, that she concealed the trouble she was in, to see him in that submissive and sorrowful condition, and could not do it so artfully, but that some tears, in spite of her, ran down her cheeks. She loved Sebastian, if possible, more than ever, and cursed the luckless Moment that had presented her to the eyes of the ambitious Balthazar.

Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single) by  
Mrs. GRIFFITH.

#### LETTER X.

ON THE EARLY INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN IN THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE; AND IN HUMILITY, COMPASSION, INDUSTRY, &c.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

THE pleasing subject of my last letter so engrosses my mind, that I make use of my first interval of ease, in sending you a few more thoughts on the topic nearest my heart, the welfare of your beloved children.

I will pursue the subject of their being early initiated into the love of the beauties of nature. When their tender minds are properly impressed with the most common and familiar objects, such as birds, flowers, insects, &c. you by degrees may lead them to discourse of the stars, the moon, the glorious luminary the sun; you may excite their admiration by degrees, in leading their ductile minds through those beautiful tracts of unclouded ether in which those wonders shine: you may point out to their *inquisitive* judgements, some of those astonishing particulars which so eminently distinguish the celestial worlds. These subjects are beyond all others calculated to enlarge the soul, and to give it the most noble ideas of the great Creator of the universe. I once heard a boy of ten years, who, though naturally of a good understanding, was so miserably uninformed, as not to know that the sun was the *cause* of light, with other proofs of ignorance as lamentable. Surely in nature there could not be so melancholy a sight. This unhappy child had parents extremely capable of informing his mind, but were too much taken up with the pleasures of the world to attend to the minds of their children. Unnatural parents! One would have imagined the mother would

have indulged herself in the tender instinct of nature; and that the father would have respected (even through *self* love) those appearances of understanding in his own child for which he was himself very greatly esteemed. How much more truly noble and amiable would it have been, to have seen the above mother, instead of glittering in the utmost splendor of dress at a public assembly, leading her children often into a flower garden, where, seating herself between her little ones, on the banks of the gay patterre, she might have made the beautiful scene before her the subject of her discourse in the following words!

"See my children, the enchanting prospect, which the great Deity who made you, and all things, presents to your view; though he escapes our eyes, he is *visible* in his works; they oblige us to know and love him. Mark these sweet flowers;—the lively tints of the gay carnation, delicate hue of that fair lilly, with the bloom of yonder opening rose, I see attract your admiration; but alas! they live only for a day; in the evening they will be withered and trodden under foot; it is the same with us."

You taste God's beneficence in the melting peach; you smell his sweetness in the fragrant honeysuckle; you hear his harmony in the nightingale's song. Behold this glorious sun, shining in its meridian splendor; the hand which made that glorious luminary, made also the smallest *insect* that flutters in the air or creeps on the ground: that God, who is surrounded with innumerable hosts of angels disdained not to rear the humble violet from its bed, or to plant the daisy in yonder lowly valley. Mark that rapid river; there, my children, innumerable fishes play; there lurks the spotted trout—the shining eel: whilst on the flowery banks are stretched the lowing herds. Observe my children, this winding brook, that waters, by its silver stream, yonder fertile meadows—emblem of your Maker's bounty. Listen to these little birds, which make the air resound with their sweet notes; they celebrate Him who gives them melody, and who provided them daily food: the wood-lark tunes her early note in praise to him;—the solitary red-breast pours forth its artless song at the last parting gleam of day in notes of gratitude:—So every day should your regards and thanks be paid to that bountiful hand which protects you from the daily dangers to which you are exposed. May the rising sun be witness to your early adoration of its Maker! and may the closing shades of evening surprise you at the same glorious office!

Think my dear children, what must be the amazing power of God, when you behold the azure canopy embroidered with stars, and fretted as it were with gold, stretched to an extent of many millions of leagues, and not disfigured with one single flaw!—How astonishing must be the expanse which leaves room for these mighty globes!—for each is a world of wonderful magnitude. None press upon each other—none mistake their way—as they pass through those boundless and unclouded ether.—You will perhaps ask, where are the pillars which support this stately arch? and *how* is that immeasurable concave upheld unshaken?—How, you will ask, are so many thousands of vast orbs as the stars sustained



from falling on our heads? Methinks I hear you ask, "Do they not rest on rocks of adamant? on the mountains which reach the skies?" No, they are pendulous in fluid ether; and, what is still more extraordinary, millions of stars beyond our sight still blaze from remoter skies. You ask, of what materials were these mighty orbs composed?—What instruments were made use of by the Supreme Architect, to fashion the parts with such exquisite nicety, and to give so beautiful a polish to the whole?—How was it, you ask, connected into so noble a structure? A bare word accomplished them all.—"Let them be," said God.—By his *word* alone were the heavens made, and all the hosts of them by the breath of his mouth!"

A conversation of this kind, addressed more to the *senses* than the *judgment* of a sensible *enquiring* child, could not fail of enlarging his ideas, and ennobling its conceptions of the Almighty power, wisdom, beauty, and goodness of the First Great Cause of all things. Children at the early age I have been so warmly recommending as the proper season for instruction, have, in general, great *curiosity*; they are naturally fond of beauty and novelty:—"All nature is, as it were *pressing* on their hearts." All is new—all is full of delight—every object to them is gilded with pleasure, their eye is never satiated with beholding; their unbounded joy at every incident which has novelty to recommend it—as well as

"The tear forgot, as soon as shed,"

is a convincing proof that these little strangers seem as it were by *intuition* to know that the ultimate end of their being is *happiness*. The questions of *children* are in general wonderfully *pertinent*, much to the purpose, and often astonishing: What unnatural cruelty is it then, for parents not to watch this dawn of opening reason!

"When by degrees the human blossom blows,"

and to give them the greatest ideas of the everlasting God, from his *works*, which are so lavishly poured out on the whole face of nature; they pour, indeed, their evidence from every quarter; they present themselves every moment to our view, with amazing manifestations of the transcendent excellencies of their maker: for that

"There is a God, all nature cries aloud."

They invite us, especially, in the magnificent system of the universe, to contemplate consummate wisdom, and execution inimitably perfect—power to which nothing is impossible, and goodness which extendeth to all, and endureth forever.

Above all things it behoves us to hear, with unwearied attention, their numerous questions, to explain their doubts, to enlarge their ideas—and to turn their very amusements into matter of improvement; that, whilst their little busy hands are cropping the transient beauties of a flower, the attentive mind may be enriching itself with some solid good. Those lovely monitors abound not less in sweetness than in moral instruction.

(To be continued.)

## THE APPARITIONIST.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF COUNT O\*\*\*\*\*

Translated from the German of Schiller.

(Continued from Page 103.)

"BUT this supposition, however probable, as it did not by any means amount to a certainty, could not authorise the family to renounce the hope, that the absent Jeronymo might again appear. In case, however, that he did not, either the family's name must be suffered to perish, or the youngest son must relinquish the church, and enter into the rights of the eldest. Justice seemed to oppose the latter measure; and on the other hand, the necessity of preserving the family from annihilation, required that the scruple should not be carried too far. In the mean time, grief and the infirmities of age, were bringing the Marquis fast to his grave. Every unsuccessful attempt diminished the hope of finding his lost son.

"He saw that his name might be perpetuated by acting with a little injustice, in consenting to favour his younger son at the expence of the elder. The fulfilment of his agreement with Count C . . . required only the change of a name; for the object of the two families was equally accomplished, whether Antonia became the wife of Lorenzo or of Jeronymo. The faint probability of the latter's appearing again, weighed but little against the certain and pressing danger of the total extinction of the family, and the old Marquis, who felt the approach of death every day more and more, ardently wished to die at least free from this inquietude.

"Lorenzo alone, who was to be principally benefited by this measure, opposed it with the greatest obstinacy. He resisted with equal firmness the allurements of an immense fortune, and the attractions of a beautiful and accomplished object, ready to be delivered into his arms. He refused, on principles the most generous and conscientious, to invade the rights of a brother, who for any thing he knew, might himself be in a capacity to resume them. "Is not the lot of my dear Jeronymo, said he, made sufficiently miserable by the horrors of a long captivity, without the aggravation of being deprived for ever of all that he holds most dear? With what conscience could I supplicate heaven for his return, when his wife is in my arms? with what countenance could I meet him, if at last he should be restored to us by a miracle? And even supposing that he is torn from us for ever, can we better honour his memory, than by keeping constantly open the chasm which his death has caused in our circle? Can we better shew our respects to him, than by sacrificing our dearest hopes upon his tomb, and keeping untouched, as a sacred deposit, what was peculiarly his own?"

"But these arguments of fraternal delicacy could not reconcile the old Marquis to the idea of being obliged to witness the decay of a tree, which nine centuries had beheld flourishing. All that Lorenzo could obtain was a delay of two years. During this period they continued their enquiries with the utmost dili-



“gence. Lorenzo himself made several voyages, and exposed his person to many dangers. No trouble, no expence was spared to recover the lost Jeronymo. These two years, however, like those which preceded them, were consumed in vain.”—

“And Antonia?” said the Prince. “You tell us nothing of her. Could she so calmly submit to her fate? I cannot suppose it.”—

“Antonia,” answered the Sicilian, “experienced the most violent struggle between duty and inclination, between dislike and admiration. The disinterested generosity of a brother, affected her. She felt herself forced to esteem a person whom she never could love. Her heart, torn by contrary sentiments, felt the bitterest distress. But her repugnance to the *Chevalier* seemed to increase in the same degree as his claims upon her esteem augmented. Lorenzo perceived with heart-felt sorrow the secret grief that consumed her youth. A tender compassion insensibly assumed the place of that indifference, with which, till then, he had been accustomed to consider her; but this treacherous sentiment quickly deceived him, and an ungovernable passion began by degrees to shake the steadiness of his virtue.—A virtue which, till then, had been unequalled.

“He, however, still obeyed the dictates of generosity, though at the expence of his love. By his efforts alone was the unfortunate victim protected against the arbitrary proceedings of the rest of the family. But his endeavours were not finally successful. Every victory he gained over his passion rendered him more worthy of Antonia; and the disinterestedness with which he refused her, left her without an apology for resistance.

“Thus were affairs situated, when the *Chevalier* engaged me to visit him at his father’s villa. The earnest recommendation of my patron procured me a reception which exceeded my most sanguine wishes. I must not forget to mention, that by some remarkable operations, I had previously rendered my name famous in different lodges of free masons. This circumstance, perhaps, may have contributed to strengthen the old *Marquis*’s confidence in me, and to heighten his expectations. I beg you will excuse me from describing particularly the lengths I went with him or the means which I employed. You may form some judgment of them from what I have before confessed to you. Profiting by the mystic books which I found in his very extensive library, I was soon able to speak to him in his own language, and to adorn my system of the invisible world with the most extraordinary inventions. The *Marquis* was very devout, and had acquired in the school of religion a facility of belief. He was therefore, with so little difficulty induced to credit the fables I taught him, that, in a short time, he would have believed as implicitly in the secret commerce of philosophers and sylphs, as any article of the canon. At length I entangled him so completely in mystery, that he would no longer believe any thing that was natural. In short I became the adored apostle of the house. The usual subject of my lectures was

“the exaltation of the human nature, and the intercourse of men with superior beings; the infallible *Count Gabalus*\* was my oracle. Antonia, whose mind since the loss of her lover, had been more occupied in the world of spirits than in that of nature, and who had a strong tincture of melancholy in her composition, caught every hint I gave her with a fearful satisfaction. Even the servants contrived to have some business in the room when I was speaking, and seizing now and then one of my expressions, joined the fragments together in their own way.

“Two months were passed in this manner at the *Marquis*’s villa, when the *Chevalier* one morning entered my apartment. His features were altered, and a deep sorrow was painted on his countenance. He threw himself into a chair, with every symptom of despair.

“It is all over with me,” said he, “I must begone; I cannot support it any longer.”—

“What is the matter with you, *Chevalier*? What has befallen you?”

“Oh! this terrible passion!” said he, starting from his chair. “I have combated it like a man; I can resist it no longer.”—

“And whose fault is it but yours, my dear *Chevalier*? Are they not all in your favour? Your father? Your relations?”—

“My father, my relations! What are they to me? I want not an union of force, but of inclination. Have not I a rival? Alas! and what a rival! Perhaps a dead one! Oh! let me go. Let me go to the end of the world. I must find my brother.”—

“What! after so many unsuccessful attempts, have you still any hope?”—

“Hope! Alas, no! It has long since vanished in my heart, but it has not in her’s. Of what consequence are my sentiments? Can I be happy while there remains a gleam of hope in Antonia’s heart? Two words my friend, would end my torments. But it is in vain. My destiny must continue to be miserable till eternity shall break its long silence, and the grave shall speak in my behalf.”—

“Is it then a state of certainty that would render you happy?”—

“Happy! Alas! I doubt whether I shall ever again be happy. But uncertainty is of all others the most dreadful pain.”—

“After a short interval of silence, he continued with an emotion less violent.—If he could but see my torments! Surely a constancy which renders his brother miserable, cannot add to his happiness. Can it be just that the living should suffer so much for the sake of the dead; that I should fruitlessly pine for an object which Jeronymo can no longer enjoy? If he knew the pangs I suffer, said he, concealing his face, while the tears streamed from his eyes, yes, perhaps he himself would conduct her to my arms.”—

“But is there no possibility of gratifying your wishes?”

“He started.—What do you say, my friend?”

“Less important occasions than the present, said I,

\* A mystical work of that title, written in French in the middle of the seventeenth century, by the *Abbe de Villars*.



"have disturbed the repose of the dead for the sake of the living. Is not the terrestrial happiness of a man, of a brother . . . . ."

"The terrestrial happiness! Ah! my friend, I feel but too sensibly the force of your expression my entire felicity."—

"And the tranquility of a distressed family, are not these sufficient to justify such a measure? Undoubtedly. If any sublunary concern can authorize us to interrupt the peace of the blessed, to make use of a power . . . . ."

"For God's sake, my friend! said he, interrupting me, no more of this. Once, I avow it, I had such a thought! I think I mentioned it to you, but I have long since rejected it as horrid and abominable."—

(To be continued.)

### HUMOUROUS INSTANCE

OF STRONG SUPERSTITIOUS CREDULITY.  
A REAL AND AUTHENTIC FACT.

A WIDOW, lady, at Paris, aged about 65, who lodged in a two pair of stairs floor, in the Rue de la Ferronnerie with only a maid servant, was accustomed to spend several hours every day before the altar dedicated to St. Paul in a neighbouring church. Some villians observing her extreme bigotry, resolved as she was known to be very rich, to share her wealth. One of them, accordingly, took the opportunity to conceal himself behind the carved work of the altar; and, when no person but the old lady was there, in the dusk of the evening, he contrived to throw a letter just before her. She took it up; and, not perceiving any one near, supposed it came by a miracle. In this she was the more confirmed, when she saw it signed, Paul the Apostle; expressing the satisfaction he received by her prayers addressed to him, when so many newly canonized saints engrossed the devotion of the world, and robbed the primitive saints of their wonted adoration; and, to shew his regard for the devotee, he promised to come from heaven, with the Angel Gabriel, and sup with her at eight in the evening. It seems scarcely credible that any one could be deceived by so gross a fraud; yet to what length of credulity will not superstition carry a weak mind? The infatuated lady believed the whole; and rose from her knees in transport, to prepare an entertainment for her heavenly guests.

The supper being bespoke, and the side board set out to the best advantage, she thought that her own plate, worth about 400*l.* did not make so elegant an appearance as might be wished; and therefore sent to her brother, a Counsellor in the Parliament of Paris, to borrow all his plate. The maid, however, was charged not to disclose the occasion; but only to say that she had company to supper, and would be obliged to him if he would lend her his plate for that evening. The Counsellor, surprised, at the application, well knowing his sister's frugal life, began to suspect that she was enamoured of some fortune-hunter, who might marry her, and thus deprive his family of what he expected at his sister's death. He therefore, positively refused to lend the plate, unless the

maid would tell him what guests were expected. The girl, alarmed for her mistress's honour, declared that her pious lady had no thoughts of a husband; but St. Paul having sent her a letter from Heaven, promising that he and the Angel Gabriel would sup with her, she wanted to make the entertainment as elegant as possible.

The Counsellor immediately suspected that some villians had imposed on her; and sending the maid with the plate proceeded directly to the Commissary of that quarter. On the magistrates going with him to a house adjoining, they saw, just before eight o'clock, a tall man, dressed in long vestments, with a white beard, and a young man in white, with large wings at his shoulders, alight from a hackney-coach, and go up to his sister's apartments.

The Commissary immediately ordered twelve of the Police Guards to post themselves on the stairs, while he knocked at the door, and desired admittance. The lady replied, that she had company, and could not speak to any one. But the Commissary answered, that he must come in, for that he was St. Peter, and had come to ask St. Paul and the Angel Gabriel how they came out of Heaven without his knowledge. The divine visitors were astonished at this, not expecting any more saints to join them; but the lady, overjoyed at having so great an Apostle with her, ran eagerly to the door, when the Commissary, her brother, and the Police guards, rushed in, presented their muskets, seized her guests, and carried them to prison.

On searching the criminals, two cords, a razor, and a pistol, was found in St. Paul's pocket, and a gag in that of the Angel Gabriel. Three days after, the trial came on: when they pleaded in their defence, that one was a soldier in the French infantry, and the other, a barber's apprentice; that they had no other design than to procure a good supper at the widows expence; that it being carnival time, they had borrowed these dresses, and the soldier having picked up the two cords, put them into his pocket; that the razor was that with which he constantly shaved himself; that the pistol was to defend them from any insults to which their strange habits might expose them in going home; and that the barber's apprentice, whose master was a tooth-drawer, merely had the gag which they sometimes used in their business. These excuses, frivolous as they were, proved of some avail: and as they had manifested no evil design by any overt act, they were both acquitted.

But the Counsellor, who foresaw what might happen through the defect of evidence, had provided another stroke for them. No sooner therefore, were they discharged from the civil power than the apparitor of the Archbishop of Paris immediately seized them, and conveyed them to the Ecclesiastical prison. In three days more, they were tried and convicted of a scandalous profanation, by assuming to themselves the names, characters, and appearances, of a Holy Apostle, and a blessed Angel, with intent to deceive a pious and a well-meaning woman, and to the scandal of Religion. They were accordingly condemned to be publicly whipped, burnt on the shoulder with a hot iron, and sent to the galleys for fourteen years. A sentence which was in a few days faithfully put in execution.